wold, leaving Charles R. Wood's Division behind as a rear-guard—one brigade of which was intrenched across the road, with some of Kilpatrick's cavalry on the flanks. On the 22d of November Gen. G. W. Smith, with a division of troops, came out of Macon, attacked this brigade (Walcutt's) in position, and was handsomely repulsed and driven back into Macon. This brigade was in part armed with Spencer repeating rifles, and its fire was so rapid that Gen. Smith insists to this day that he encountered a whole division; but he is mistaken. He was beaten by one brigade (Walcutt's), and made no further efforts to molest our operations from that direction. Gen. Walcutt was wounded in the leg, and had to ride the rest of the distance to Savannah in a carriage.

LEGISLATURE IGNOMINIOUSLY FLED.

Therefore, by the 23d I was in Milledgeville with the left wing, and was in full communication with the right wing at Gordon. The people of Milledgeville remained at home, except the Governor (Brown), the State officers, and Legislature, who had ignominiously fled in the utmost disorder and confusion, standing not on the order of their going, but going at once—some by rail, some by carriages, and many on foot.

Some of the citizens who remained behind described this flight of the "brave and patriotic" Gov. Brown. He had occupied a public building known as the "Governor's Mansion," and had hastily stripped it of carpets, curtains and furniture of all sorts, which were removed to a train of freight cars, which carried away these things—even the cabbages and vegetables from his kitchen and cellar—leaving behind muskets, ammunition, and the public archives.

On arrival at Milledgeville I occupied the same public mansion, and was soon overwhelmed with appeals for protection. Gen. Slocum had previously arrived with the Twentieth Corps, had taken up his quarters at the Milledgeville Hotel, established a good provost-guard, and excellent order was maintained. The most frantic appeals had been made by the Governor and Legislature for help from every quarter, and the people of the State had been called out en masse to resist and destroy the invaders of their homes and firesides.

Even the prisoners and convicts of the penitentiary were released on condition of serving as soldiers, and the cadets were taken from their military college for the same purpose. These constituted a small battalion, under Gen. Harry Wayne, a former officer of the United States Army, and son of the then Justice Wayne of the Supreme Court. But these hastily retreated east across the Oconee River, leaving us a good bridge, which we promptly secured.

CONSTERNATION IN THE SOUTH.

At Milledgeville we found newspapers from all the South, and learned the consternation which had filled the Southern mind at our temerity, many charging that we were actually fleeing for our lives and seeking safety at the hands of our fleet on the seacoast. All demanded that we should be assailed, "front, flank, and rear"; that provisions should be destroyed in advance, so that we would starve; that bridges should be burned, roads obstructed, and no mercy shown us. Judging from the tone of the Southern press of that day, the outside world must have supposed us ruined and lost. I give a few of these appeals as samples, which to-day must sound strange to the parties who made them:

CORINTH, MISS., Nov. 18, 1864.

To the People of Georgia:

Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally around your patriotic Governor and gallant soldiers! Obstruct and destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank, and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident. Be resolute. Trust in an overruling Providence, and success will soon crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and firesides.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

RICHMOND, Nov. 18, 1864.

To the People of Georgia:

You have now the best opportunity ever yet presented to destroy the enemy. Put everything at the disposal of our Generals; remove all provisions from the path of the invader, and put all obstructions in his path.

Every citizen with his gun, and every negro with his spade and ax, can do the work of a soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march.

Georgians, be firm! Act promptly, and fear not!

B. H. HILL, Senator.

I most cordially approve the above.

JAMES A. SEDDON, Secretary of War.

RICHMOND, Nov. 19, 1864.

To the People of Georgia:

We have had a special conference with President Davis and the Secretary of War, and are able to assure you that they have done and are still doing all that can be done to meet the emergency that presses upon you. Let every man fly to arms! Remove your negroes, horses, cattle and provisions from Sherman's army, and burn what you cannot carry. Burn all bridges, and block up the roads in his route. Assail the invader in front, flank, and rear by night and by day. Let him have no rest.

JULIAN HARTRIDGE,
J. H. ECHOLS,
JOHN T. SHUEMAKE,
MARK BLANFORD,
GEO. N. LESTER,
JAS. M. SMITH,
Members of Congress.

A UNION LEGISLATURE FOR GEORGIA.

Of course, we were rather amused than alarmed at these threats, and made light of the feeble opposition offered to our progress. Some of the officers (in the spirit of mischief) gathered together in the vacant Hall of Representatives, elected a Speaker, and constituted themselves the Legislature of the State of Georgia! A proposition was made to repeal the Ordinance of Secession, which was well debated, and resulted in its repeal by a fair vote! I was not present at these frolics, but heard of them at the time, and enjoyed the joke.

[To be continued.]

Every lady should read Mrs. Hudnut's free offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6.

Samuel Bortle, Charlevoix, Mich., thinks all are entitled to pensions from date of discharge. He served three years in the 28th Wis.

SECRET OF THE WATERS

BY JOHN McELROY

CHAPTER I.

IN THE COAL YARDS NEIGHBORHOOD.

Moderate excitement pervaded the community inhabiting the two or three score acres of monotonously similar frame houses forming the "Coal Yards Neighborhood" of the West Side of Chicago. "Moderate excitement" is used advisedly. The languor of the hot Summer day that broiled fiercely over the square furlongs of low shingle roofs, over miles of unpaved, dusty, wheel-rutted streets, over endless stretches of board sidewalks, had been only rippled by the announcement that the body of a murdered man, turned up to the surface of the filthy water of the South Branch by the wheel of a propeller, had been drawn ashore, and was now lying in a coal shed awaiting the arrival of the Coroner.

Dragging corpses—at least of non-residents—out of that great open sewer, the South Branch, was too minor and frequent an incident to stir the Coal Yards Neighborhood more than superficially.

"Blast the bloody stiff," growled Wat Sparger, the Englishman who kept the corner grocery and butcher shop, when asked if he was going over to look at the body. "W't t'ell do Hi want to see hit for? Some bloomin' plug 'as knocked hanother bloomin plug hoff the dock hinto the drink. Honly wish 'at both hoo 'em 'ad gone hin together. Too bloomin many o' that blarsted kind hin this danged town."

Wat Sparger was one of the Superior Beings of the Neighborhood, whose fibers only responded to such high-class events as a set-to between two first-rate men, a big fire, a scientific dog-fight, or a general riot. The lesser natures were deeply moved by casual "scraps" between "gents" who occupied the brown and yellow frame houses, and heaved coal in the yards, by impromptu collisions of the dogs of the Neighborhood, or by the efforts of the police to get to the lock-up some Coal Yarder whose full load of beer disagreed with the politics or card playing of some other Coal Yarder.

Hauling a murdered stranger out of the turbid South Branch did not rise to the proportions of an exciting incident.

"No, he's not a plug," said Con Purtell, the Irish drayman, who had been asked the question; "sames more loike an out-o'-town merchant or sthorekaper."

"Some jay from Oshkosh or Sheboygan," returned Wat Sparger, "come to town to 'ave a fling on the money 'e got for 'is 'ogs. 'E's been tolled down Polk street and sandbagged."

The women of the Neighborhood showed more interest. They could be depended on to do that. The fact that the Coroner was coming to hold an inquest raised the event almost to the dignity and interest of a Neighborhood funeral. An experienced observer could always discover by the appearance of the women as he entered the Neighborhood whether anything unusual was going on. If so, they had generally suspended household employment, put on clean calico dresses, combed their hair, and were standing at their front gates in attitudes of easy watchfulness, while they picked their teeth with pins. He measured the magnitude of the event and the nearness of his approach to its scene by the increase in the number of the dames in sleekly-combed hair and calico fresh from the ironing-table.

"There comes the Coroner now," said Con Purtell, as a man with a G.A.R. button in his lappel descended laboredly from the horse-car. "Poor old Jack. The same volley which kilt me brother tuk off Jack's leg. He's gittin fatter and clumsier every year, because he can't take proper exercise. I'm going to give him me arm."

"'E's gittin bloody well paid for that bloomin leg," growled Wat Sparger. "The Coroner's job's worth at least $5,000 a year—twice w'at 'e could make if 'e'd both legs."

"Well, both av me legs is cork, but cork ez they are, Oi wuddent give wan av thim fur tin such jaabs as the Kahroner's," said Con, as he started off to the assistance of the Coroner.

"Dang that bloomin' old joke hof yours," grumbled Wat, looking after him. "Both hof yer legs is cork, because y' were born in Cork. Yer alluz workin' hit hoff. A feather-'eaded Irishman 'as to 'ave 'is joke."

"Good morning, Mr. Sparger," said Coroner "Jack" Blaisdel, hanging his cane on his arm that he might use both hands in wiping the perspiration from the inside of his Panama. "This is a scorcher, isn't it? Hottest of the season."

"Hit's the way with the bloomin' weather in this danged town. Heither so cold has to freeze yer toenails hoff, hor 'ot henuf to roast heggs."

"Wat, you'd grumble if y' wuz goin' to be hung," said Con. "Fwy don't y' go back to old Hingland, 'stead o' stayin' here and abusing us Amerikins and our country?"

"'Ell of Amerikin you are. 'Air not hoff yer teeth yet, ye flannel-mouthed Mick."

The Coroner was used to these pleasantries of the Coal Yard Neighborhood.

"Sorry I could not get here earlier," he resumed, "but I had two other inquests this morning. Bad times, I tell you. This rebuilding the city costs as many lives as war. I'll have to summon you and Con on the jury. Find me some other men, please, to make up the number."

"Don't know as I can serve. Hi'm not a citizen o' this bloomin' country. But about all the decent men are at their work. 'Ere comes Kent 'Alliday for 'is breakfast. 'E's a printer, and don't go to work till one o'clock. Summon 'im."

Kent Halliday was impaneled.

"Well, I don't mind making a dollar this morning in the interests of justice and good Government," he remarked pleasantly. "Fetch out your stiff, and I'll 'view' him, according to the peace and dignity of the people of Illinois, and the statutes in that case made and provided."

Kent Halliday had yet to reach his 23d year. He had been brought up in the Coal Yards Neighborhood, where his father had labored and died, leaving the support of his mother to him. In the course of years he had developt from a "galley boy" in the *Tribune* office to a full-fledged compositor, earning what was princely wages for the Coal Yards Neighborhood. He had a clear-cut, alert face, and decision of character shone out of his quick, grayish-blue eyes.

Enough men to complete the jury were soon collected, and the party, which had been increased by the arrival of the County Physician and three reporters, who looked as if the biggest bore in life was attendance upon Coroner's inquests, proceeded to the shed where the body lay.

"Been in the water over a week," said one of the reporters, with the ready judgment of long experience.

"Stranger from the country—probably merchant in some little town," said the second.

"Between 45 and 50 years old, and fairly well-to-do," said the third.

"Cuts on the head made by propeller-wheels after death," said the County Physician, examining the face. "Have the body undressed for examination as to the cause of death."

No one volunteered for the task of handling the noisome, dripping thing.

"Bring a couple of those men here," said the owner of the yard to the foreman, and indicating a group of loaders. "They're not afraid of soiling their hands. Doctor, these men are at your service."

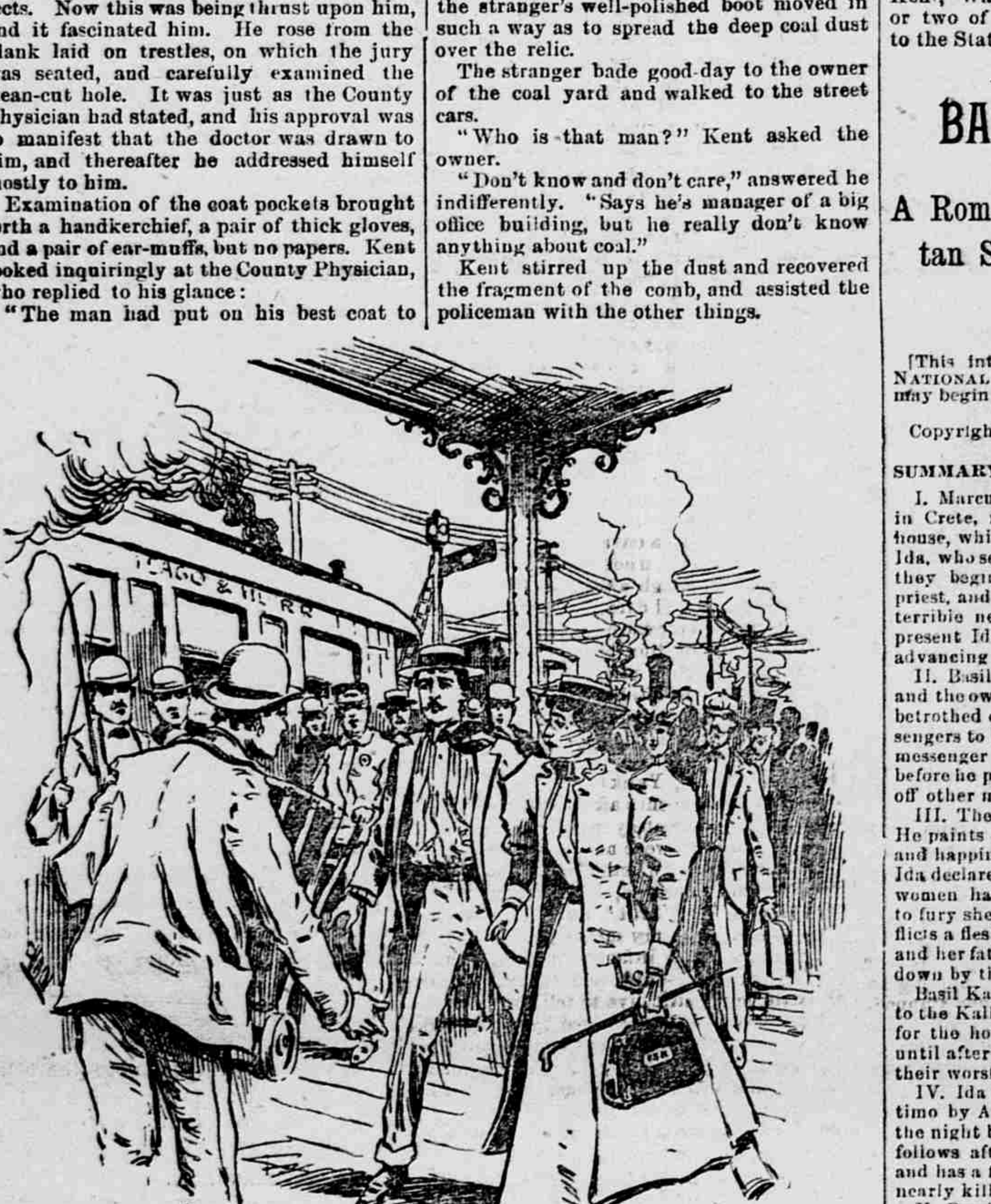
"Take off his coat," ordered the Doctor. A new and fairly well made Prince Albert was stripped off with some difficulty, and as it was held up a sharp cut was found in the back some distance below the shoulder.

"Ah," said the County Physician, with professional calmness, "we're getting at it at once. Stabbed in the back by a man who knew where to strike to reach the heart. Probably struck when the blow was unexpected. Hole probably just the size of the knife, showing that there was no struggle. Feel in the pockets."

Kent Halliday's eyes lighted up eagerly. Detective stories had always had a strong attraction for him. But his life had so far been too pressing and laborious for him to gain any practical knowledge on such subjects. Now this was being thrust upon him, and it fascinated him. He rose from the plank laid on trestles, on which the jury was seated, and carefully examined the clean-cut hole. It was just as the County Physician had stated, and his approval was so manifest that the doctor was drawn to him, and thereafter he addressed himself mostly to him.

Examination of the coat pockets brought forth a handkerchief, a pair of thick gloves, and a pair of ear-muffs, but no papers. Kent looked inquiringly at the County Physician, who replied to his glance:

"The man had put on his best coat to



KENT COMES TO BEAUTY'S RESCUE.

come to the city. He hadn't worn it before since last Winter. The murderer has carefully removed all the papers. Either the possession of the papers was the object of the murder, or the murderer wanted to destroy the identity of the body, probably because he was the last man seen in company with his victim. But we may find something in the other pockets."

The vest pockets developed nothing but a couple of swollen and soggy cigars and the smaller half of a broken mustach-comb. The watch was gone, but a piece of broken chain still hung in the button-hole. The chain was rather heavy, of a peculiar pattern, and elaborately wrought.

"It was probably quite a fine watch for a man of his means to carry," said the County Physician to Kent. "He was very careful of it. This fastening shows he was afraid of having it snatched, and it must have been considerable trouble to him to change from one vest to another. The chain was very heavy, and apparently of unusually fine gold, for it has worn away where it rubbed against the satin, and the links have broken. A cheaper chain would have been harder and stronger. Still, we can't tell whether the watch was taken by his murderer or fell out of his pocket and was torn off by a propeller-wheel."

"Have you found nothing on the body yet to identify it?" asked a voice, which somehow grated most unpleasantly on Kent's ear. It was not because it was cold and metallic, and had a ring of cruelty, but from some other quality, for which Kent had not as yet found a name. He raised his eyes from the fragment of the chain, and saw that the question had been asked by a man whom he had noticed in conversation with the proprietor of the yard, apparently on something connected with coal. His appearance was as little to Kent's liking as his voice. He was a man of 40 or thereabouts, with sandy mustache and goatee and very light-blue eyes, which he did not open wide. He was carefully dressed, but in a style a little too pronounced for a business or professional man, such as he assumed to be, and not quite loud enough for a gambler or a race-track "sport."

"No," answered the County Physician; "so far we have found absolutely nothing, but we may later."

"'Twill be too bad if you don't," said the other. "Things are in a shocking state, with all these murders and no detection and punishment."

Kent felt that this utterance was in some way entirely insincere.

On the tab of the shirt the initials "E. M. S." were worked in red thread.

In the pantaloons pockets were a knife, a Mexican silver dollar, a ring of keys with a metal tab, on which was stamped "E. M. S.," and one of the folding portemonnaies in use at the time for carrying fractional currency. When this was opened it was found to contain $8.65 in worn pieces of small denominations.

"Looks as if he was a retail merchant, who had to work off a great deal of the mutilated small change he took in," said the County Physician.

Kent studied the paper sides of the portemonnaie intently. It seemed at times that there had been something written there; again, that it was markings soaked off the fractional currency. He happened to look out of the corner of his eye toward the stranger, and saw that while he was still pretending to talk to the owner of the yard, he was letting nothing that occurred around the body escape him.

"I have seen that man around two or three times lately, when bodies have been taken from the river," said the County Physician, noticing the direction of Kent's gaze. "Last time was in a lumber yard, and he seemed to be buying lumber. Wonder who he can be?"

The body was now completely undressed, and the examination concluded with a view of the purple lips of the little wound through which the deadly knife had entered.

"That tells the whole story up to a certain date," said the County Physician. "Further particulars must be looked for elsewhere; but I fear they'll never be learned. Every day brings new cases to crowd out those of the day before."

The reporters had gained all that was likely to be developed, had shut their notebooks, and left. The Coroner was anxious to conclude the inquest, for there was a call for another on the North Side, which had more exciting features. He went through the formalities rapidly, the jury returned a verdict of an "unknown man stabbed to death and thrown into the river by a person or persons unknown to us," and the inquiry was over.

"Officer," said the Coroner to the policeman in attendance, "take these things to the Station, dry them up as well as you can, label them, and keep them carefully until some future time."

The portmonnaie, keys, and other things had been laid out on a board to dry. Kent saw the stranger approach them in a leisurely, indifferent manner and pick up the piece of comb as if to examine it. Kent was by his side in an instant, with sharp, inquiring eyes.

"Faugh, disgusting things," said the stranger, with a shudder, as if recalling himself; "why did I touch them?"

The piece of comb dropped from his hands, but it did not escape Kent's sharp eyes that the stranger's well-polished boot moved in such a way as to spread the deep coal dust over the relic.

The stranger bade good-day to the owner of the coal yard and walked to the street cars.

"Who is that man?" Kent asked the owner.

"Don't know and don't care," answered he indifferently. "Says he's manager of a big office building, but he really don't know anything about coal."

Kent stirred up the dust and recovered the fragment of the comb, and assisted the policeman with the other things.

"I'll come over to the Station to-morrow and study them a little more," he said on parting. "It seems awful to have this thing stop here."

"Yes; dot's so," assented Officer Grunwald, a Swede. "But what's to be done? To-morrow'll be somet'ing else, yust as bat." But come, in welcome. I'll study dem wid you."

Kent Halliday walked slowly home over the creaking sidewalk, loudly odorous of resin, in the hot sun. He was full of gloomy, angry thoughts. Here had been as wicked a murder committed as any he had ever read of, on a man probably most estimable, the father of a family, and a leader in his little community. Yet the villain who did it would in all likelihood escape any punishment for his crime. The thing was an unspeakable outrage. In his ardent young soul Kent felt that as an American citizen it was his duty to help ferret out the criminal and bring him to justice. His imagination pictured the home that had been desolated, and the murderer squandering in an orgie the proceeds of his crime.

"E. M. S., E. M. S." he kept turning over in his mind. "What can those initials stand for? Sanders, Stanton, Strong, Swayzey"—but the combination seemed innumerable.

He ate his meal with a pre-occupied air, gave his mother all that he had learned of the matter, with the Coroner's fee for pin-money, kissed her good-by, and started to his work.

Wat Sparger and Con Purtell joined him at the cars. They had to go down town, too.

The cars stopped at the great railroad depot, and they had to change to another line. A train had just come in, and the passengers were swarming out. Separating herself from them, and walking rather undecidedly toward the curb, as if trying to gain some point from which she could look around and think what she was going to do, was a young woman—scarcely more than a girl. She wore a long linen duster, and in her hand carried a small carpet-bag. Kent was thrilled, for there was something in her eyes and the contour of her face which reminded him of the dead man. He started forward impulsively

"Fwat's stung ye, ye little divil?" asked Con.

"See there—see there," said Kent; "I do believe that's his daughter come to look for him."

"The sight o' that stiff's wrought on his brain," growled Wat Sparger. "'E's been workin' too hard o' late."

"Fwere is she?" inquired Con, with more interest.

"There by the curb. The one with the carpet-bag in her hand."

Half a dozen of the clamorous hackmen had noticed the girl, and rushed for her. At that time the hackmen of Chicago had among them as utter villains as the world could produce. Kent saw one of the most notorious of his class in the lead, and with as near a smile of welcome as he could wreathe upon his evil face, as he said:

"Where'd you want to go, Miss? Take you anywhere, Miss. This is my carriage. Step right in."

"I don't know just where I want to go," said the girl, confusedly. "I've come here to look for my father"——

"Step right in, an' I'll take you to him."

Kent could stand no more.

"Let that girl alone, you infernal scoundrel. Miss, don't have anything to do with him," he shouted, and in his earnestness caught hold of her arm.

"G'way, you paper-faced brat," said the hackman, whirling Kent across the sidewalk with a sweep of his powerful arm. "Here, Miss, right this way."

"Take wan of yer own size, Mick Horgan, ye thafe o' the wurruld," said Con, rushing up with his fists doubled.

"Mick's my size, Con," said Wat Sparger, stepping in between Con and the hackman. "Let me an' Mick have it. You find a lighter weight."

The delighted crowd formed a ring, but as the round was getting interesting a squad of depot police broke through and dragged Kent, Wat, Con, the hackman and one or two of his most offensive colleagues off to the Station.

[To be continued.]

BASIL KANARIS.

A Romantic Story of the Cretan Struggle for Freedom.

BY JOHN McELROY.

[This interesting story was begun in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of April 15. Subscriptions may begin with that date.]

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

I. Marcus Kallimakis, the wealthiest farmer in Crete, returns from his field work to his house, which is kept by his beautiful daughter Ida, who sets before him his mid-day meal. As they begin to eat, "Papa" Demetrios, the priest, and an intimate friend, arrives with the terrible news that the Pasha has decided to present Ida to the Sultan, for the purpose of advancing his own interest.

II. Basil Kanaris, a young Sphakiot Chief, and the owner of a mill in the mountains, is the betrothed of Ida. It is decided to hurry messengers to him to bring him to her rescue. A messenger sent out has his horse shot down before he passes out of their sight. They hurry off other messengers on foot.

III. The Aga Yusef arrives to take Ida away. He paints a glowing picture of the grandeur and happiness of a life in the Sultan's palace. Ida declares that she will die as other Greek women have done before she will go. Roused to fury she tries to stab the Aga, but only inflicts a flesh wound. She is caught and held, and her father and Papa Demetrios are stricken down by the scimeters of the kavasses.

Basil Kanaris and his band, fearful of harm to the Kallimakis household, start in hot haste for the homestead. They do not reach there until after dark, and find evidences to confirm their worst fears.

IV. Ida Kallimakis is carried off toward Retimo by Aga Yusef, and is stolen from him in the night by deserting kavasses. Basil, misled, follows after the other party toward Khania, and has a fearful fight with Ibrahim, whom he nearly killed, and recaptures the plunder.

V. Resolving to die at once rather than go to a fate more dreadful to her than death, Ida Kallimakis forces her pony over the edge of the road along the mountain precipice, expecting to be dashed to pieces in the dark, unseen depths. But, unexpectedly, she falls into the top of a large carob tree that reaches at that point nearly to the level of the road, and finally reaches the ground with only some hurts and scratches to herself and pony. She starts out through the darkness to reach a place of safety, and finally comes to the gates of the Monastery of the Prophet Elias, with the kavasses in pursuit. The monks have never permitted any woman to enter, but the Superior finally conceals her in a neighboring cavern, and there she is well cared for. The monks go out ostensibly bird-hunting, but the kavasses understand that they are not wanted there, and had better ride on. Basil Kanaris's weakness compels his companions to leave him at the Sphakiot village of Dramia, where he is seized with a fever.

VI. Ida, feeling that the Turks will murder her lover at the village, leaves the cave and raises a party of armed shepherds and leads them toward Dramia. They are just in time to meet the Turkish cavalry coming for Basil, and her force attacked them fiercely while the monks escaped with the sick man to a place of safety in the hills. In the fight the Turks are beaten, but Ida, in attempting to rescue a wounded shepherd, is herself captured and carried off to Khania. Here she is kept captive in the citadel. Murad Pasha, the Governor of Retimo, sent a pompous letter to Mehemet ben Ezek, Governor of Khania, demanding the return of the girl to him, to which Mehemet replied that he would send her to the Sultan himself.

VII.

Three weeks dragged on. Where was Basil? Ida knew that if human aid could reach her she would not be deserted. She knew Basil was severely ill, and she was glad the Turks did not hurry, for this gave her lover time to recuperate from his wounds and gather his followers. At last, however, she received the summons to prepare for a journey, and she knew the hour of the climax in her life had come, and she was to start to Constantinople.

Night comes quickly after the sun sets in these Oriental lands, and its shadow had fallen on a "wine-dark sea," where the Chumpa swung to her anchor before a rising African wind as she lay off the basin of Khania. She was an old-fashioned merchant vessel, of course—square sterned, with bluff bows, and shapeless as a canal boat—but the only kind of craft flying a Turkish flag beyond the Dardanelles—for warships of that country do not cruise.

It made one's eyes ache to see her rusty, flat sides, with their bulging chain-plates, a bowsprit tilted skyward, those ill-stayed masts with slacked and slovenly rig, that indescribably melancholy and forlorn look about this whole fabric. In vast and lonely ocean spaces of the South Pacific, an obsolete, unlucky whaler, out for years, perhaps, may occasionally be seen looking thus—like the wraith of some long-lost vessel that had floated up momentarily from the depths below.

On board things were no better. Cuddy, caboose and top-gallant forecastle encumbered the deck, where neglect and carelessness showed in every detail. She lay, hove short, at a port anchor, her canvas loosened, and spreading in unsightly folds along the yards. It was evident that preparations to sail had been made after such a fashion as the crew's appearance might well have led one to expect.

This ship sailed from Constantinople to Smyrna, and there, according to the custom of these mongrel sailors, her men deserted. So she was remanned from the slums of that refuge and home of rascaldom—a city more dangerous to wander about at night than it would be to stroll through an Indian jungle infested by tigers. Pleasant specimens they were, this collection of polyglot scoundrels—renegade Greeks, Sicilians, Maltese, and fugitive Neapolitan smugglers, with Mehndi Ali for Captain, born in Athens despite this Osmanli name, and on whose head a price was set.

With the last glimmer of twilight a shore boat came alongside, and after discharging its cargo of baggage put back to the harbor.

Mehndi Ali was, as his adopted countrymen say, a "son of Satan" in the fullest acceptation of that Eastern phrase, but he was also a good sailor, and knew the Mediterranean well. Now his tall, gaunt figure moved to and fro on the cabin-roof that answered for a quarter-deck, and he muttered curses upon the Pasha, Mehemet ben Ezek, poor Ida, and things in general, while listening to the sound of a favorable breeze rising fast over the sea. The Chumpa, as her Captain very well knew, would never lie within half a dozen points of the wind, and went to leeward abominably if it was not astern or on her quarter. Here was weather the most favorable imaginable, and yet this, that, or the other accursed thing kept him waiting. His second in command, an atomy of a man, badly wanted by the British authorities at Malta, sneaked off to a safe distance, and the crew gradually faded away from that vicinity. Nobody had any confidence in Mehndi Ali's forbearance, or the slightest belief in his own ability to anticipate what he might do. Nothing happened, however, though the Chumpa's riding-light had been burning for an hour before a lookout forward reported a boat coming out of the harbor. It proved to be a lanch crowded with men, upon whose arms the stars shed pale and fitful gleams. Three female figures, otherwise indistinguishable in their wraps, were huddled together aft, and when this clumsy contrivance forged alongside the gangway these passengers were hurried on deck and speedily hidden in the cuddy. Kanaris's lost love, for she it was, attended by two women from the Pasha's harem, had passed that period when emotion can vent itself in words or action. The stupor of an overwhelming despair crushed her down, and beyond some vague yet persistent resolve to die rather than submit, she was almost unconscious. A strong guard, such as an Odalisque destined for His Sublime Highness, the Sultan, required for her safekeeping, then clamored up the side, and instantly became as supremely uncomfortable and infinitely out of place as all Turks are at sea. Immediately after, being used to surreptitious departures, the crew made sail silently as their anchor came away, and rounding before the wind the Chumpa's head was laid N. E., and she slowly faded away. Keen eyes, however, watched on shore, and when the heavy flapping of canvas showed what was being done, a dozen dark forms started up among the ruins of that old Venetian castle which once guarded the basin's left side, and stealing away through deserted streets where most houses stood tenantless, they sped swiftly over Khania's beautiful plain towards the hills.

While the Turks had been at work, the Sphakiots had been preparing a little surprise that was also ready to be sprung.

[To be concluded next week.]

Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worse in Hay-fever season. Others of our readers give similar testimony, proving it truly a wonderful remedy. If you suffer from Asthma or Hay-fever we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power will send a Large Case by mail free to every reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE who needs it. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

W. M. Stephens, 2d Ill. Cav., Coffeyville, Kan., believes that the Equalization of Bounty bill passed twice during Grant's Administration and vetoed, would do justice to all.